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That Magazine from CTR FM 102

JUNE 1989*ISSUE#77

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THIS ISSUE

6 INSTANT JELLO

Cos he said so

12 THE VIOLENT FEMMES

A talk with the brilliantly demented Gordon Gano

10 CURIOUS GEORGE

Vancouver's fun-loving primates

17 HELL'S KITCHEN

Is it hot in here, or what?

MOST ISSUES

5 AIRHEAD

readers who write

19 VIDEO EYE

free videos from your government

15 UNDER REVIEW

bad brains, snfu and more

20 ON THE DIAL

everyperson's guide to ctr

16 REAL LIVE ACTION

fun for the whole family

21 SPINLIST

the hipper sounds

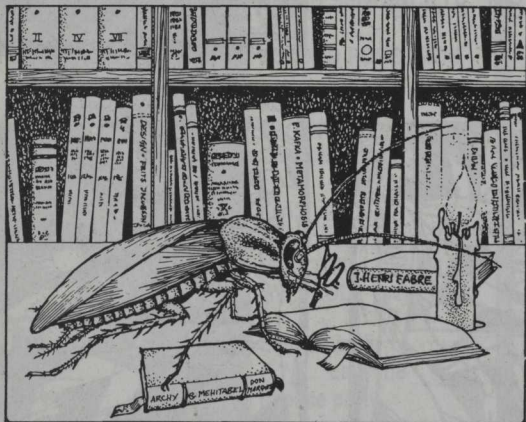
16 LOCAL MOTION

In a city near you

22 ART AND ABOUT

it's time to participate

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16 LIFE PASSING YOU BY?
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FEELINGS

Dear Airhead,

This letter is not to comment on how I liked last month's article on 101 ways to kill Tiffany, but to make a protestal comment. I hope that the owners/managers of such clubs as 86 Street Music Hall read this, because this letter goes out to you. You inconsiderate tightass dumbfucks. I am sick and tired of seeing an awesome group coming to town (no, that does not include Bon Jovi) and to find out that they're playing at some "No Minors" club like yours, you

motherfuckers. I am making such a big shit because I am fifteen with a face that makes me look thirteen. It's great for getting into movies, but I have no chance of sneaking into a club to see a group such as the Dead Milkmen.

I also hope that some of the decent groups out there read Disorder because I would hope that some of you would follow DOA's example and play at places such as the SUB Ballroom where all ages could go, because I know of shitloads of people who feel the same way.

I thank you Airhead for your time and allowing me to express my feelings,

JC

PRIORITIES

Dear Airhead,

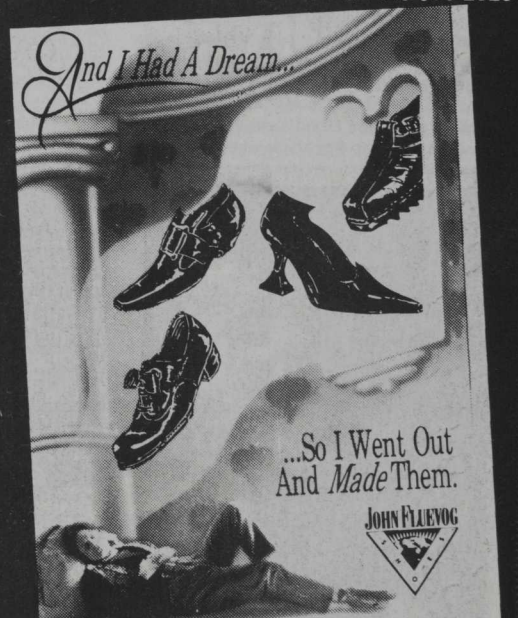
Rabid barbaric vegetarians have desecrated one of Vancouver's sacred shrines. I speak of the Nazare Market on Commercial Drive. A place where people of modest means could enjoy the finest barbecued chicken in Vancouver. These chickens, who died so that they could be served at the Nazare Market, died for a worthy cause. They became culinary masterworks, their subtle flavours to be remembered long after they were gone. Indeed it can be said that they died well. This cannot be said of other chickens who are squandered in some of the other less revered yuppie hellholes of this city. Places that were far more deserving of a torch job by fanatic urban terrorists or by outraged patrons. One of Vancouver's culinary gems is gone; only the good die young. I hope these misguided dogooders get the help they so desperately need or at least get their priorities right.

Simon Pryor

Barbecued chicken worshipper



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The Dead Kennedys are long gone. The court case is long over. He was in town acting in the movie *Terminal City-Ricochet*. He sure can talk - and talk and talk. And now, a man who really needs no introduction...Jello Biafra. Interview by Pat Mullan.

DISORDER: Tell us about Terminal City-Ricochet and your new career as an actor.

JELLO: I'm not particularly happy with what I have done in the film. I hadn't done anything like this before except 15 seconds of fame in the film *Tapeheads*. Thankfully some of the more experienced actors and the director were very helpful in giving me pointers and ideas on how to build my character. I stage-acted years ago before Dead Kennedys but I hadn't done anything since, so I was reaching way back into my memory from method-acting teachers in my teenage years. It was an interesting experience; the film should be pretty unusual too when it finally comes out in the fall.

In the film I play the right-hand hatchet man of a corrupt right-wing corporate politician who has privatised all forms of government into a shopping mall version of a fascist state. This person, named Ross Glimore, is played by **Peter Breck** in masterful fashion. He was an Emmy Award-winner for the *Big Valley* of all things. He played Nick Barclay and was also in *Shock Corridor*. **Mark Bennett** plays Alex the apathetic everyman who gets caught up in this web of corruption and lies, and **Lisa Brown** plays Beatrice, who kind of shows him the way out, as well as **Jermaine Hoad's** character, Ace the brain-damaged hockey goalie who was hit in the head with a puck.

D: How did you first find out about the Ricochet project?

J: It sort of found me. I believe it was **Ken Lester**, who has managed DOA off and on and booked Dead Kennedys tours, who alerted me to it. I saw scripts from early on and made some suggestions for improvements. Although I don't know until I got here that I would wind up being appointed the equivalent of musical director for the film. So I've also been heavily involved with the soundtrack. I figured if I did some quickie collaborations with the Ministry people in Chicago (which resulted in *Lard*) why not try something up here with DOA and NoMeansNo. So I've been recording some songs with both these bands that are at various stages of completion. If they don't all go on the soundtrack they'll come out in some other way.

D: Do you have any interest in going into acting as a career? **J:** If I can balance it with my ever-frenzied personal life, why not. I never have all the time for all the things I want to do; I seem to be juggling 5 or 6 so-called careers as it is—singing, spoken word, collage art, *Alternative Tentacles*, acting, musicology.

D: Any comments on skinheads and their connection with white supremacist groups?

J: I think it's being very tightly co-ordinated

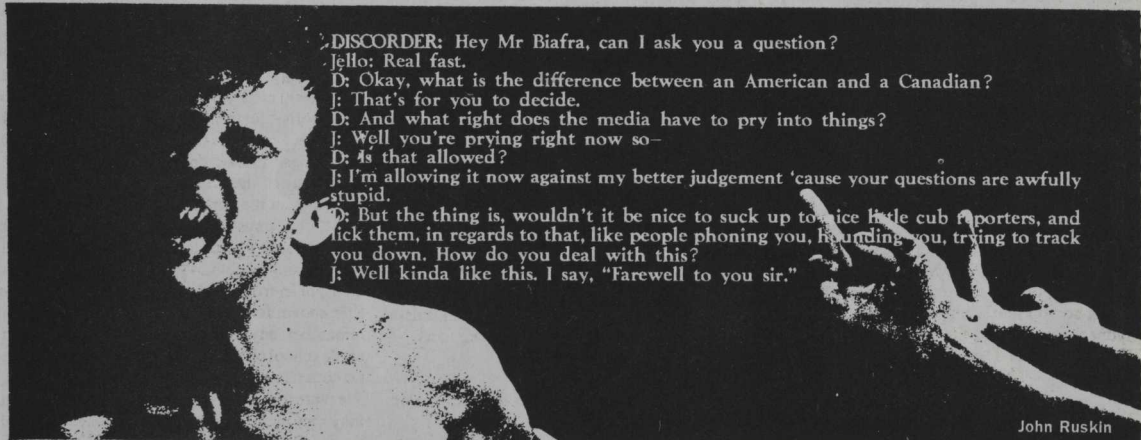
from behind the scenes much like brownshirts were for Hitler. Why else would you see so much of it so quickly? Even in towns where there was no music scene, and thus no punks for thugs to go beat up on, all of a sudden there are skinheads. Some of whom are organised hardcore racists. Granted it says something for the intelligence of the white supremacists that it took them 10 years to figure out how to manipulate kids through skinhead fashion and the musical overtones that go with it.

I think it's very interesting that out of nowhere suddenly they're on **Geraldo Rivera**, **Morton Downey**, **Oprah Winfrey**. They're in Rolling Stone high-fashion photography and stuff, you know, just a blueprint in a way. A how-to guide for kids who hate their parents, since their parents are probably the ones who are reading Rolling Stone anyway. "Oh, now I know how to make mum mad—I'll be on the outside what they are on the inside and go beat up black people." After all, what are the cops going to do when there's a lot of evidence that they are in on it too.

D: What are Jello Biafra's favourite films?

J: I like **Ray Dennis Steckler**, who did *The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living And Became Mixed-up Zombies*, **Herschel Gordon Lewis** and **Nick Zed** who is part of the Cinema of Transgression underground in New York. You're only beginning to have an underground cinema on the level of underground music where people pick up a super-8 or video camera and just go make a film for the hell of it. **Dave Markle** out of Los Angeles has done *Desperate Teenage Love Dolls* and *Love Doll Superstars*. I think my favourite film of all has to be *The \$3000 Fingers of Dr T* made in living glowing Technicolor in the mid-'50's; it is the most demented children's film ever made—militantly anti-parent. Set design, songs and costumes by **Dr Seuss**. It's very profound, almost as profound as the original *Batman TV* show which has no equal in anything ever made on television as far as making fun of city fathers and cops goes.

D: What do you think of the scene in America today? You've got a new president who dresses



DISORDER: Hey Mr Biafra, can I ask you a question?

Jello: Real fast.

D: Okay, what is the difference between an American and a Canadian?

J: That's for you to decide.

D: And what right does the media have to pry into things?

J: Well you're prying right now so—

D: As that allowed?

J: I'm allowing it now against my better judgement 'cause your questions are awfully stupid.

D: But the thing is, wouldn't it be nice to suck up to nice little cub reporters, and lick them, in regards to that, like people phoning you, hounding you, trying to track you down. How do you deal with this?

J: Well kinda like this. I say, "Farewell to you sir."

John Ruskin

up his information with lovely little catchphrases like "A thousand beams of light".

J: I don't know who fed him that because he is one of the most cold-hearted, dangerous fascists to come along in a long time. George Bush has been linked to many allegations of cocaine-running, running heroin out of the Golden Triangle in Vietnam, and the lunatics have finally taken over the asylum. If Ollie North writes a Mein Kampf equivalent in the form of a TV miniseries rather than a book, imagine what will happen when someone like him becomes president. You have a very careful conditioning through this corporate-owned media to get people to look forward to vicious fascism. Someone like Ollie North, who is basically a Nazi psychopath, also allegedly involved with drug running, for all practical purposes made out to be this patriotic hero simply because he lied and stole from people. That seems to be the spirit of shopping mall America in a nutshell. As I say, militantly stupid and very frightening. Even the most conservative people probably deep down inside are frightened of what's happening to the planet, running out of space, what's happening to their kids at school. But there's no better way to corral that fright into something that is easily manipulated than drug hysteria. Which is ironic considering who may or may not be involved with bringing in the drugs to begin with.

D: Where do you get your information?

J: I get it from all over the place. I get it from publications like *Multinational Monitor*, *The Progressive Magazine*, *Covert Action and Information Bulletin*. Mother Jones is still occasionally good although they're getting awfully yuppie. *Overthrow* is good. *Open Road* is good at times. A lot of local publications get sent our way obviously 'cause they not only have information but they often want to get free records. So they can review them and better yet, take them home. That seems like a fair exchange. Because of my anti-newspaper that goes inside some of the records, Fuck Facts, many people have been sending in pictures or news items that they are hoping will get included. So now I've wound up with this huge press service of all these people cutting things out of their local papers and sending them to Alternative Tentacles. The best I can do is regurgitate them back in the form of sticking them in songs or collage art or whatever. That's how I found out an amazing amount of information; the latest being about Gary Hydneck, the serial killer in Philadelphia who kept retarded women in a holed-out part of his basement. Only recently did it reach me that his line of defence in his trial is going to be that he was an Army LSD experiment victim. Right after that, of course, he disappears from the news altogether. The American media has finally taken some steps to curb the impulse to make pop stars out of serial killers, so you don't hear as much about Gary Hydneck as you did the superstars like John Wayne Casey or David Berkowitz or Charles Manson.

D: What do you feel about the death penalty and the recent Bundy execution?



J: Oh, it's typical. I'm sure if one of these cable stations televised weekly executions it would become the highest-rated program in the country. Hosted by Morton Downey or John Travolta or Bruce Jenner.

D: What do you think of tabloid television and these commercials from hell posing as TV shows?

J: As I said before, the people who own the TV networks now are the large corporations run by white conservative Republicans. RCA, which owns NBC, is now owned by General Electric, which is one of the world's largest nuclear arms and nuclear-power component manufacturers, so you will not see any news coverage of defence industry corruption or anything like that on NBC anymore. Up until his recent death, one of the main stockholders in Cap City Industries, which owns ABC, was William Casey, director of the CIA. And Lawrence Tish, who heads Lows Corporation, which bought out CBS, installed himself as chairman of the board and fired almost 4 dozen members of the staff in the news department headquarters in New York. Reason being "Well, the news department isn't pulling its weight. The news must make a profit." How do you make a profit through journalism telling it like it is? You don't tell it like it is; you give people thirtysomething, you give people USA Today and Rambo as a way to manipulate them into being sedated, obedient shoppers.

D: Who were your influences or heroes as you grew up?

J: Heroes is an archaic term that implies specta-

tor worship of God from afar which is something I have been trying to get away from with my own art ever since the beginning. People can mail stuff in to put in my collage art. People could get up on the stage during a Dead Kennedys show. Western society is one of the few in the world in which every form of culture is a spectator sport. I was sharpened a bit by my sixth grade teacher who was very right-wing to the point of praising National Guardsmen for blowing away students at Kent State. I was the only one in class who argued with her. Early on I saw it in comic book terms to a degree. I would come home from school, watch maybe half an hour of cartoons on TV and then the news would come on. I would just watch that too and see very little difference between the two programs. My favourite cartoon characters were Bullwinkle and Senator Everett Dirksen. So I guess I kept up with world and current events the way other people keep up with sports. I just remembered a lot of names and details and incidents to the point where I noticed when these names popped up in Contragate, how many of them I had heard of from Watergate or even the Kennedy assassination.

I've always been curious; we're taught not to be curious by our media and by our school system, and taught not to remember things that are right in front of our eyes. I'll talk to people I've known for years and they'll say they don't remember anything that happened to 'em in grade school or even high school. And they have no concrete memory of Vietnam or Watergate. We were teenagers when that was going on. But they can recite verbatim TV commercials and jingles that date back to the mid-'60's when we

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were all little kids. So it's not as if their memory isn't there; it's just that certain things are selectively wiped out as history is rewritten before our eyes. I think there was a sign right above Jim Jones' body at Jonestown that said, "Those who do not remember the past are condemned to repeat it." So here we go. It's just something that interests me; just an obsessive interest. I have no hobbies, only obsessions, and my obsessions are how I make my living. Thankfully.

D: What would you say motivates you? Do you care so much about the planet and all the people around you or do you just want the truth?

J: I would say more of just living life as one continual prank against people who go around screwing the rest of us. I just never get tired of creative acts of positive sabotage. I think using art as a weapon is far better than using art as a sedative drug or a religion. The only art that interests me is the kind that is used as a weapon—be it music, film, printed word, street theatre, what have you.

D: How important do you see environmental issues as being to the average American?

J: I would say their idea of environment is having a nice VCR and a TV and maybe a car with a cool stereo in it. The closest they come to environmental consciousness is getting annoyed when they're stuck in traffic jams. There is a little bit of an environmental consciousness coming back right as the Earth is getting ready to choke to death. Of course, the Bush administration's answer is to encourage more nuclear power and irradiated food.

What the American companies want to do is bombard produce with certain kinds of rays, especially frozen vegetables and things, which they've been doing to peas since the '60's. Which gives them a shelf life of many many years. It also changes the molecular structure of the vegetables so it may stay on the shelf for years, but all the nutrients will be gone and you will be a good candidate for cancer of the mouth and gums if you eat a lot of this stuff. But you have no way of knowing whether you're eating irradiated food or not because the Reagan administration prohibited the Federal Trade Commission from requiring any labelling of irradiated food. And not only that, but in order to irradiate food, you must use the same kind of high-risk process with plutonium and nuclear fuel rods that caused the accident at Three Mile Island. And there are no Three Mile Island type regulations for food-processing plants. It's all being slipped by under people's noses for the most part. They finally found a little logo of a little bird the irradiation companies can put on products. "Hey, it's irradiated, so it must be good!"

D: How about the '90's? Any words of wisdom on the last decade of the twentieth century?

J: Never in a million years would I have predicted the '80's would be so evil. I figured if things swung back and forth every ten years the '80's were going to be a nice interesting antidote to the '70's. But oh no, everything just got even worse—more greed, more corruption, more boring music for the big-time entertainment

industry. Now we even have a lot of underground people embracing corny '70's rock; you know, plodding hard rock or bad imitations of the Eagles masquerading as roots rock or disco masquerading as futuristic dance music. I think in the '90's a lot more things will hopefully come to a head and people will have to get off their butts and take a stand. But then again, the mask is already off Contragate and the ecological disasters are right in front of everybody's eyes but they choose to do nothing. The mask is off and nobody cares. They are too sedated and too frightened and figure there's nothing any one individual can do to stop it because that's the way they've been bred to believe.

D: So how about rock stars as politicians? It seems to be a natural. They know how to use the media to project images people worship. Will there be pyrotechnics in the White House?

J: Well my first reaction is boy, do I hope not. Generally, though, I think most rock musicians that care about a lot of things going on realise that their art and music is a far more powerful tool than running for political office and having to kiss ass to political action committees and power brokers and pompous moneybags. Keep in mind that part of the reason we see the higher structure having less and less actual vision is because it's more and more entrenched among a smaller and smaller wealthy ruling class. America does have a class system now and those wealthy people are inbreeding like mad. Why do you think that English royal families are so stupid? People always talk about depleting the gene pool through inbreeding among families in backwoods towns or Southern hillbillies. That may or may not be true but I do think we're seeing a lot of evidence of that within the wealthy power structure. Each generation is stupider than the one before it. How else do you get people like Dan Quayle becoming vice-president? Although I would feel much better about Quayle becoming president than George Bush. Reagan, at least, was senile and lazy so the most vicious part of his agenda never really got off the ground. If you think the Reagan Supreme Court is doing damage to what's left of the American Constitution, just wait till Bush gets a hold of it.

D: Would you like to comment on some of your pranks? Possibly something with a local flavour?

J: What you may be referring to is when Dead Kennedys played a benefit for the Squamish Five in Victoria. On the way back on the ferry one of the people co-ordinating the benefit pointed out this oily man in the cafeteria accosting old ladies, grinning at them and smiling. In other words, he looked like he was trying to win votes or sell snake oil. The guy said he was an up-and-coming right wing politician in this province; one of the most notorious far right people. Then the guy realises he knows what this man drives, so down to the bottom of the ferry we went, found this person's car and plastered "Free the Five" stickers all over the back bumper. He got into the Mercedes convertible, hightailed it off the boat, never once bothering to check that something was a little wrong with his car. And let's just say, he is your premier now.

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CURIOUS GEORGE

Once upon a time, two and a bit years ago, there was a bunch of art students at Emily Carr College of Art and Design. Emily Carr was holding a Spring dance and needed bands. A couple of these students decided to get together and form a band. Armed with some other students, a fistful of songs and the name Vulcan Death Grip, they played the gig and had fun. In fact, the students had so much fun that they decided to form a full-time band. Thus was born Curious George.

Things have moved rather quickly for this five-member band. In the Spring of 1988 they released an eight-song demo and soon after an amateur video of the song Pit Bull Attack. Last month saw the release of their album Children of a Common Mother and the start of a Canada-US tour.

I recently sat down with a couple of the band members—Iain Ross, the guitar player, and Sean Thompson, the bass player—and their manager Brian Thalken, to discuss Curious George. Here's what they had to say.

The Band's Name

Iain: I think Curious George is pretty good, it says a lot about us.

When you think of Curious George you think of the children's book; a lot of fun and getting into mischief. Sean: And it's got nothing to do with Satan or death either.

On Being a Punk Band

S: Maybe.

I: Definitely punk-influenced. I don't know if punk really exists anymore.

S: We're somewhere between Primate Punk and Monkey Metal. **I:** We're not a hardcore thrash band. We play melodic music, maybe it's

fast and it's loud but there is a melody and there is structure to the songs.

On Clubs

I: We like playing smaller clubs. The Arts Club is a lot of fun. We always seem to pack the place. It's small and intimate. I like having people two feet away from me as opposed to somewhere like 86 Street where the nearest person other than fellow band members is a hundred feet away. It's kind of intimidating.

S: All ages shows—that's my preference. In big halls like the Lux or the New York Theatre. Those are the most fun gigs—having a few excited kids go wild. And they're not drinking

either.

I: They really get into it. I recognise faces from the all ages gigs and I see them at clubs and I guess they've got their fake ID. They really like to go out and see bands. They're like, "Yeah, let's go see a band, let's go and support them." They're not going out just to be 'seen'.

On Their Front Man Ian V.

I: Ian is a great frontman, he has a great time. That's our biggest asset because people remember Ian. Sure the band is fine but people say "Oh your frontman, he's real good." Ian is charismatic and he talks right to the audience.

S: Sometimes he talks too much, but they love it.

I: He's a big guy but he's not really nasty or anything. People like that.

S: The whole image behind the band that we try to keep with us—having fun, he always puts that across to the audience properly. He never takes himself too seriously.

On Girlfriends and Groupies

I: It can't hurt.

S: What are groupies?

I: Yes, I have a girlfriend.

S: No.

I: Kurt...maybe.

S & I: Ian V.—Yes.

I: Brian Clement the drummer. No, but I know this girl Brian really likes.

A Means To The End?

I: It might be, you can never tell.

Brian: Hey, a lot worse bands have made it. I: A lot worse. And lots and lots of them. Just turn on the radio. **S:** Hey, we are the greatest.

I: Who knows. I never thought we'd get this far. I'm real happy we have an album out—that's great. Even if it ended here I'd be real happy about it. Hopefully things will go further.

Spike Stylus





photos: Kelly Wood

Some things will always be argued over. Like, which Corey is cuter — Corey Haim or Corey Feldman? Is George Bush a Texan or is he really from Delaware? Is that really Brian Mulroney's chin or does he have a third elbow? But one thing is taken for granted and can not be argued — in a world of jaded pop stars and mediocre albums from bands like The Replacements and REM, the VIOLENT FEMMES remain a breath of fresh air. They do not record albums because they have to or because they need the money, they do it because they want to record and have fun. And they're fronted by a man who firmly believes that the COUNTRY DEATH SONG is a happy song, one that give him a warm feeling inside. You gotta wonder about a man like that. And, yes, GORDON GANO deserves to be wondered about. Not that I lay around all the time and try to figure out what goes on in this man's mind, but I have to admit that the thought has occurred to me once in awhile. How could the same mind write ADD IT UP, BLACK GIRLS, and NOTHING WORTH LIVING FOR, also write songs like, JESUS WALKING ON THE WATER and FAITH. The journey into Gordon Gano's mind begins. And prepare yourself, because the cause of the man's madness is not pretty.

the violent femmes

DISORDER: What happened to the band after THE BLIND LEADING THE NAKED? Did you officially break up?

GORDON GANO: It really depends on who you talk to and what they feel like telling you because there is more than one version and there is truth in more than one story. So, yes, the band broke up, and no, it didn't break up. Either one or a combination.

Now is that a classic answer or what? I could see I was dealing with a professional here. I had a feeling that the truth about the schizophrenia behind the Violent Femmes would eventually come out. I just had to be patient.

D: So when did the three of you, (Gordon, BRIAN RITCHIE, VICTOR DELORENZO), decide to get back together and record a fourth album?

GG: Right before we went into the studio. I wanted to record some of my songs. The time was right. And the first people that I would think of playing with would be Brian and Victor, which collectively, when we're playing together doing my songs, we're known as the Violent Femmes. It was the best experience that I've had in a recording studio, and I think that most people felt the same way about their own experience.

D: Now what about the religious viewpoint that Violent Femmes songs have taken on in the past. This album does not seem to focus as much on religion and God as much as the previous two.

GG: There was no conscious decision whatsoever on this record in relation to others as far as lyric subject matter. Also I do recognize that that there are not as many spiritual catch words and phrases that jump out or even a whole song that is gospel on this record. It doesn't have anything to do with a changing viewpoint for myself, it just happened to come out like that.

D: Tell me about the back cover of THE BLIND LEADING THE NAKED. What was it like wearing big dead fish on both arms. It did not look like fun, but then I'm not the one who thinks that the Country Death Song is a warm song.

GG: It was a very unpleasant experience, but not in the way you might think. It was a very different unpleasant experience because to keep the fish from stinking and rotting they had been frozen, and putting your arms down inside the fish was like packing your arm solid with something that had been frozen. And when your arm's in a fish (*pay attention all you frat boys*) there's no place for it to move. And the fish were heavy. So it was a feeling of having your whole arm cut off. It wasn't just slimy and stinky. It was, 'I'm having my arm cut off!' It was very unpleasant. And also the teeth were very sharp. And a little stub on one of the fish on Victor's arm stabbed him and pricked him in his arm and it became infected. We have a theory that he got brain fever from it and hasn't been the same since.

This explains Victor's madness, but leaves Gordon's unaccounted for. There has to be

something. I needed to stall until the solution became clearer. A question about the new album, yeah, that ought to stall him long enough.

D: Now, if this were your third album, you'd have a normal title for it. However, and you probably noticed this as well, it's number four on the Femmes scoresheet. So why "3"?

GG: Well, even the name Violent Femmes is one of the most misleading names around. So it makes sense for the album title to be also simply misleading. Although, the title "3" is fun, it's a nice little joke, and I've heard some people are very upset by that. Also it's the three of us playing live in the studio.

Okay, enough of this fooling around. I have to get to the whole point of this interview, to ask what's been on my mind for years. How does a mind get to the stage where it can be so brilliantly demented? I knew I would have to tread carefully.

D: The Country Death Song and Nothing Worth Living For are two of the most depressing songs ever. Where did the urge come from to write these songs, these masterpieces of twisted genius? (Okay, so I really didn't say 'masterpieces of twisted genius' when I was asking the question to Gordon, but it looks great in print.)

GG: Both of them are different. The Country Death Song strangely enough gives me a very warm, (and I swear he started laughing sinisterly at this point), family feeling inside. Because the song was really written out of a love for all those kinds of old country and folk songs which al-

ways have the most horrible things happen in them. My father used to play alot of those old records and play his guitar and sing alot of old country songs. Nothing Worth Living For was a very different sort of thing. That's just very much how I was feeling and I was able to write it while I was in that sort of mind set. And it just came out in music when I was feeling like that as a way of trying to deal with it.

Then it hit me. The source of Gordon's anxiety and the cause of his dementia. Please, bear with me.

D: So when you're not on tour and when you're not writing songs about throwing little girls in the well, do you get to go to many Brewers' games?

GG: Sometimes. SIGMUND SNOPEK, who is the keyboard player, is a big, big, Brewers fan, and he'll go to lots of games. We're already talking about getting tickets after the tour. I do like the Brewers, but...

Okay, this is it. I've seen the kind of behavior that is written about in Gordon's songs before, but I've never connected the two. But it all makes sense now. Gordon's problem is...

GG: I have reverted to the team of my childhood, (at this point his voice begins to waiver and a strange sensation starts to overtake me, I feel the urge to throw someone into a well), I grew up as a real youngster in Connecticut, and now I live there again, and I've lived in and out of NEW YORK CITY for a few years, so the

NEW YORK METS...

From this point on all is lost as my mind starts spinning and I think of how horrible the Mets are and how anyone must be crazy to cheer for them. A bunch of crybabies with million dollar contracts. I knew something had to have affected Gordon's perception of the world. Cheering for Darryl Strawberry does that to a person. I understand it all now. Add It Up, I HEAR THE RAIN, NO KILLING, NIGHTMARES — all the product of a New York Mets fan. It was so simple an explanation. The interview had to come to an end. I could go on no longer. Gordon then attempted to whoop me to Metdom with promises of free tickets, backstage passes, and a job as a back up singer on this tour, but I resisted his efforts to turn me to the dark side. I quickly threw down the phone and ran out of the room, screaming 'ROGER CLEMENS is better than DWIGHT GODEN anyday!!!' I could not be bought.

So beware on June 16. A rather ordinary looking man may come up to you, and, clutching his New York Mets program tightly against his heart, promise you the world if only you'll say that GARY CARTER isn't an over-the-hill washed up liability. Don't listen to him. Be content in knowing that although Gordon Gano has no baseball sense whatsoever, he and the other Femmes produce some of the most interesting songs anywhere. Smile politely, then tell Gordon you love his music and you're going to his concert.

Rob Boper



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• UNDER • REVIEW

MINISTRY

Land of Rape and Honey
(Sire)

I realised I'd been listening to this album too much when I arrived at work one afternoon and found that somewhere en route I'd had my head buzzed. Not that extreme a reaction, after ten thousand consecutive listens at full blast. Also it's possible the record contains backwards messages exhorting one to this end. Consider the swarms of extremist skins Ministry's recent gigs in the States have attracted.

Whatever. Land of Rape and Honey will do weird things to your mind—none of them undesirable. Sure the clubs are playing it, but misguidedly. This is music to partake of deep in the hellish antechambers of one's soul. To resort to cheap metaphors: an album to have an aneurism to. The onslaught wanes only on the last track, Abortive, but otherwise whatever bad drugs Jourgensen and his drum machines have done hold sway.

Actually, it's hard to put a finger on any one thing the band have altered: the regulation club-music components are all intact. Full-frontal bass lines and drum attack; screamed from the other end of a wind tunnel vocals; a chorus of speedfreak poodles on FLASHBACK; and inspired borrowing from "The Good The Bad And The Ugly", from which crucial bits of You Know What You Are are sampled. Just the entire approach is that bit skewed...inverted...well, FUCKED, I guess is the best term. Forty minutes glorifying psychosis, trauma, disaster, ultraviolence—let alone the sheer beauty of juxtaposing "RAPE" and "HONEY". Think about it.

In fact, it gets to the point where you begin to LIVE the reiteration of Golden Dawn: "YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF COMMERCE WITH THE DEVIL". And that title track. Ministry have truly encapsulated modern-day America, providing the only valid reaction short of walking into the nearest McDonald's with a sawed-off shotgun and doing what comes naturally. Or, to paraphrase the giant billboard on the 499 at Blaine:

WELCOME TO THE LAND OF RAPE AND HONEY AND CHEAP GAS.

Viola Funk

DESPERATE MINDS

Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream
(Chikara)

There's a band practicing within seven blocks of where you live who sound just as good, or bad, as these guys. Side One comes across as standard hardcore: a humorless flurry of guitar and drums; songs played and sung too fast to leave any impression. The lyrics are sophomoric: the usual indescribable situations expressed by the tragically inarticulate. Side Two is somewhat better. One is able to distinguish between the songs: "I'm not such a sweet thing" has some vocal harmonies on it; "maybe I'm just naive" has some acoustic guitar; on "strive for more" they actually decrease the tempo. Most of the rest of the album sounds like little more than an exercise in playing and singing as fast as fast can be. Maybe these guys will be as big as Husker Du or the Replacements but right now they're just a young band with a long way to go.

JB Hohm

BAD BRAINS

Live
(SST/Cargo)

A good recording of a great band. Feel the driving hardcore/reggae force. Witness H.R.'s vocal gymnastics. Transcend with the experience of Jah. Problem is, it's a live record consisting of old tunes from their *I Against I* and *Rock For Light LP's* (except for *The Regulator* which is really old). Still it's worth buying just to hear the Brains live since you'll never see them in Canada due to their immoral habits.

Chris Sharples

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Wings of Desire
(original soundtrack by Jurgen Kneleper)
(Nonesuch)

Nous sommes embarquer!

I liked this movie so much I'm reviewing the soundtrack. Side One is composed of brooding pieces complete with full orchestration and chorus, plus a few bits of German text.

Side Two features more brooding pieces, including a couple from Nick Cave, and some trapeze music. There's also a track by a combo called Crime and the City Solution. It sounds like Southern Death Cult played at 16 and 2/3 rpm. The song from Crime and the material from Nick Cave alone are worth the sticker price of this record. But not only that, buried deep in the credits are the likes of Barry Adamson (ex-bassist of Magazine), Kid Congo Powers (guitarist for various american bands), Laurie Anderson, and Peter Falk (alias Columbo). Such a deal!

JB Hohm

SIMPLE MINDS

Street Fighting Years
(Virgin)

As I walked out of the record store, I hyperactively ripped the cellophane off my eagerly-awaited copy of Simple Minds' latest album, *Street Fighting Years*. I fantasised that Once Upon a Time was only a temporary departure into the realm of commercial schlock-pop. I should have known better. I cracked up laughing as I read the credits and saw the band pictures. The band attempts to look their stoic best in the cover photo, not unlike similar efforts seen on the covers of U2 albums. The inside sleeve reveals individual photos, a first for Simple Minds, sporting long hair and sideburns. But let's backtrack for a moment.

Simple Minds were a part of the incredible assortment of music which appeared during the late 70's and early 80's, in my opinion the heyday of pop music. They were a quintessential part of the innovation going on at the time. The first time I saw the *Love Song* video was truly a magic moment. The song was dancey, powerful, ethereal, and of course, Jim Kerr was the central attraction of the video. I thought all lead singers were like Bryan Ferry. But Jim Kerr was a klutzy dancer, cross-eyed and had a strange voice. I was hooked. The more I listened, the more I regarded Simple Minds as gods. But unlike other gods, Simple Minds just didn't know when enough was enough. Roxy Music and the Police did, and split up on time, thereby retaining their god status. Simple Minds are

now well past their peak, which they hit in about '81.

On *Street Fighting Years* they could have at least stopped using the name Simple Minds. They aren't really Simple Minds without drummer Brian McGee and original bassist Derek Forbes, whose incredibly innovative bass lines were the focal point of the music (until they were rendered inaudible by producer Steve Lillywhite on *Sparkle in the Rain*). On this album Vono Box's...er, sorry, Jim Kerr's voice really suffers. The guitar sounds like Eric Clapton and the piano sounds like Bruce Hornsby. The result is a plethora of possible piano 7-Up ads, the front contender being *Let it All Come Down*. The subjects of the songs are clichés like South Africa and Ireland (they should at least leave that to bands like Spirit of the West, who do a much better job), and the lyrics are meaningless. For example, a quote on the inside sleeve: "Out there in the darkness, out there in the night, out there in the starlight, one soul burns brighter than a thousand suns". What's that supposed to mean?! Are they trying to be surreal? They can go and shove their sideburns and baggies up their asses! Anyway, if you insist on buying this crap, it's at least good for a laugh. But if you want to hear some really good music, take my advice and check out records like *Sons and Fascinations*, *Empires and Dance* and *Sister Feelings Call*, if you can find them.

Patrik Sampler

SNFU

Better Than A Stick In The Eye
(Cargo)

Canada's hardcore moguls return with another platter of what they do best. This slice of vinyl doesn't advance much further than past LP's but there are enough melodic hooks in the tunes to keep it interesting. Tinges of metal and funk appear in a few songs, which may be due to the new bass player. The band also have a relatively new drummer—none other than the amazing Ted Simm. Lyrics deal with the under-rated, unspoken lives of average people such as postmen, G.I. Joe's and living shopping malls. Offsetting the hardcore tunes is the "pop"-orientated cover of Cat Steven's *Wild World*.

Chris Sharples



real live action

Two local establishments are back on the front lines after being 'missing from action' for far too long. Both the **Waterfront** and the **Smilin' Buddha** have followed the **Arts Club's** lead and have re-opened their doors to local music acts.

My very favorite venue in Vancouver, the **Waterfront** at 686 Powell St., presented its first live show on May 9th since closing in September 1987. A North Shore band called **Glynda Fitzgerald and the Desert Sons** accepted the honours by presenting their jangly guitar sound of the same vein as fellow North Van'ers **The Rainwalkers**. Their ballads tended to be monotonous, but quicker, groovier tunes, such as **Train to Spain** and **Please, Please Me**, showed off Ms. Fitzgerald's powerful voice and the band's danceable pop style.

When the band finished a spontaneous jam session ensued in typical Waterfront fashion with many members of the audience participating. The same grumpy Greeks and surly staff run the place, but unlike the management, the building has undergone a thorough cleaning. Plus, one can still get the best pizza in town for only five bucks.

Less than a week later, the **Smilin' Buddha**, at 109 E. Hastings, began its new schedule with **Axl Rose's Hose**, a Guns 'n' Roses spoof band. This is the crew that showed up here at the station for an interview completely and utterly smashed out of their skulls. If that and goof-rock/mock songs like **Purple Choad City** (Paradise City) and **Dink in the Sink** sound appealing, then check them out. But definitely check out what's going on at the **Buddha** and the **Waterfront**.

Bookings for both are being handled by **Dylan Cree** with help at the **Waterfront** from the old bookings agent **Kick**. Hopefully, they can get both stages off the ground and help local talent do the same.

The **Vancouver Province's** music reviewer becomes the reviewee next as the worst-named band in Vancouver played the **Commodore** on April 26th: **Bruno Gerussi's Medallion**. In preparing to release their first album, **In Search of the Fourth Chord**, the band has gotten serious and cleaned up their sound. They've moved away from '70's cock rock and the new songs are a little lighter and a little faster. Unfortunately, they have yet to master the concept of variety.

Also at the **Commodore** was the show of the month as local faves **Sarcastic Mannequins** opened for Philadelphia's **Dead Milkmen**.

In my opinion the **SM's** are one of the two top new groups in Vancouver right now, the other being **Curious George**. The threesome entertained with their exciting, jazzy-hardcore-

pop, stage gimmicks and funny clothes. Their music is similar to that of **NoMeansNo** in its aggressive bass lines, breaks and tempo changes. This show was the **Mannequins** first of a cross-Canada tour that should establish their popularity throughout the country.

The **Dead Milkmen's** set included no background banner, no stage props and no T-shirts. The crowd was more than satisfied with the **Milkmen** and their music. The epitome of college radio, the **Dead Milkmen** have a variety of song styles that range from their biting dance

classic **You'll Dance to Anything** to their James Brown soul tune **I Beat My Wife**. The key to their success, though, is that they make fun of everything that moves.

Four days later, at **Club Soda**, **Family Plot** made their fourth stop on the comeback trail. **Naomi McCloud** has replaced **Madeline Morris** as lead singer one of the few bands around with two bassists and no guitar. Ms. McCloud's voice is frighteningly similar to that of Ms. Morris and on the surface the switch seems to have gone smoothly. The group has also managed to retain its mysterious, melodic sound and slow, flowing vocals that often build into gripping climaxes.

Now there can be no excuses for not having anything to do during the month of June with such high profile bands as **The Ramones**, **P.I.L.** and the **Violent Femmes** in town. What? Can't afford to go? Well then, I guess I'll see you at the **Waterfront** or the **Buddha**.

W.W.

local motion

It wasn't so long ago that everyone was talking about how there were no places for local bands to play anymore, but lately, with the **Arts Club** back to being a major venue, and **Club Soda**, the **Town Pump**, and even **86 Street** and the **Commodore** putting on multi-band showcases, things are definitely looking up for Vancouver's musicians. And now the **Waterfront** and the **Buddha** are jumping into the fray (again, after long, sometimes interrupted retirements), looking for new and mostly unestablished bands to play. (Just another reason for musicians to put their phone numbers on demo tapes—sometimes promoters ask me to suggest bands for opening slots, etc.)

Having a demo tape at **CiTR** can help find a band an audience, gigs, maybe even a recording or management deal, but with up to thirty (or even eighty) demo tapes rolling into the station each and every month, there are bound to be **SOME** problems. Mainly the process of getting airplay and (maybe) a review just takes time. If your band does submit a tape/bio/press release, please make sure all the bits have a name and, if possible, contact phone number, and realise that it may be a couple of months or more before you get results. And just handing over your tape to a friend of a friend at **CiTR** doesn't always work—mailing it in to the attention of **Dale Sawyer** (our **Demo Tape Director**) or dropping it off at the station yourself will. Of course, any information you can give about upcoming performances (as far ahead as possible), helps a band's cause too. For one thing, mostly because of space and time restrictions, this column tends to give priority to bands that are actually play-

ing, and not just basement or studio projects. (Demo tapes are, by definition, supposed to be promotional tools, after all...)

But enough lecturing. Here are this month's demos:

JAZZMANIAN DEVILS-Knock Me a Kiss

Well, give the **JDs** points, first of all, for perhaps the most honest cassette title ever: **Let's Drink**. The band here lists its core membership as **Les, Moishe, Manny, Herschel**, and **Myron Goodman** (maybe we're supposed to guess who's who), and frequent guest vocalist **Vanessa Richards**, from **Bolero Lava**, sings on **Knock Me a Kiss**. And, as always, the **JDs** are very competent and intelligent musicians, and their lyrics are funny in places (**Honey Chile** starts off with the lines "I got a woman nobody loves but me/ But when it comes to loving me she thrills me like JD"—Are the identical initials mere coincidence?—but degenerates to a list of physical peculiarities that's just a bit too familiar), but let's face it, the **Jazzmanian Devils** are meant to be **SEEN** as well as heard. They are a wildly popular band in bars around town more because seeing them is an event than due to what can be transferred onto tape. So I say go catch them live.

TERMINAL CITY-You + Me

Drummer **Vince Clark** says if he hears **City Love** one more time he thinks he'll puke—hence this good-bye demo entitled, appropriately enough, **RIP**. This is a really catchy song (maybe not mixed quite as well as it could be, probably because the band broke up before they

were finished in the studio), with a cool guitar riff and lots of Linda McRae vocals. Well, it's hard to blame Linda for choosing to travel the world with Spirit of the West, but it is definitely Vancouver's loss. There just aren't enough bands around with this kind of grasp of pop sensibilities.

WAGES OF SIN-Stop the World

Gary, the singer, used to front pop band Green for Go, but there's not much similarity between that project and this one, which is only a few months old. If anything, Stop the World is more reminiscent of Tin God, both for its overall sound and lyrical content (being about the damage humans are doing to the earth, the lyrics are well-intentioned but a little obvious). This song's got powerful, melodic qualities, and works best when the chorus (with all the instruments and some back-up vocals too) kick in. A good and, I think, sincere start.

MARY-Him

Almost straight off there's a line, "You think I care but I don't give a flying fuck", that should be written down in some list of great rock and roll lyrics. Maybe I'm totally off-base but didn't these guys used to be associated with Deviant and the Clones et al? This is far from being noise, though—Him is rough-edged pop, nicely produced and performed but not wimpy.

IRON GYPSY-Cast Away

OK, to be fair, this wasn't recorded in some fancy studio but live at Club Soda in January. And I should also say that I don't think metal is (or should be) the next happening musical force. But really, this just sounds pretty standard and shabby, and dubious-tech gimmicks like the major digital delay on the vocals (especially irritating because the echoed voice is stereo-separated from the original) and heavy use of flanged guitar don't help much. Of course, it's always possible that their stage show is incredibly original....

PEDESTRIAN SACRIFICE-Skotz Krotch

Another relatively low-fi effort, this one centres on lots of silly yelling about a friend who has a "really big crotch". These two fellas (only named as Dave and Keith on the cassette cover) proudly announce that "this is a live recording featuring no overdubs, remixes, or mind-boggling tricks. What you hear is: Dave-Voice, Keith-Other Sounds." Well, no kidding! This song's quite funny, actually, in the fine tradition of bands like Five Year Plan (now Five Year Fuck, who, by the way, are having a tape/maybe even video release party at Club Soda June 25, so go).

TIPPY AGOGO AND THE VOYAGEURS-Invoc Arabesque

For some reason I can't say anything much about this song, except that it's not much unlike drinking lots of Sangria at La Bodega with your friends while on psychedelics, while at the same time someone in the next room is playing Spanish guitar and singing in a language you don't understand. Could this be the desired effect?

Janis

hell's Kitchen

Tour Guide: Viola Funk

"He was a clever man that first found out about eating & drinking." Jonathan Swift

And a yet cleverer one that originated the recipe below. It comes from Ireland via a friend's aunt (wonderful things, aunts), and should be attempted only by those predilected to kinky practices with Vaseline—I mean, um-ah—well, you'll know what I mean after the margarine's been melted and you get to the "Make into small balls" part. Anyway, the end result: cookies verging on candy. Recommended by 4 out of 5 doctors for patients with low blood-sugar levels. A-FUCKING-DDICTIVE. They turn out a bit different every time and they're nothing to do with gingerbread, so don't panic if there's no resemblance there. Happy slithering about.

GINGER BISCUITS Makes a lot(nigh on 6 dozen)

1 lb margarine	2 lbs flour
1 1/2 lbs sugar	2 tsps baking soda
2 tbsps golden syrup	4 tsps ginger
2 eggs	2 tsps cinnamon

Melt marg., sugar and syrup in a pot over a low/medium element, stirring all the while. Remove from heat, then mix well. Add eggs and beat again. Add flour, baking soda and spices. Make into small balls. Bake in a regular oven 10-12 minutes—Watch closely. NB: I don't know what a "regular oven" is either; I just put it at 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Drop them onto baking sheets with teaspoons if you're not keen on bathing in margarine.

God, and Mr Editor, willing, this column may in future include:

Great Eateries of the Past and Present
The Wonderful World of Foodial Aromas
Famous Local Musicians Showcase Their Favourite Fixin's
Biodegradation Time: Food Gets Rude
Blasts from the Past: Grub of Childhood
Trippy Food-Shopping Experiences
Food-Ingesting Methods and What They Re-

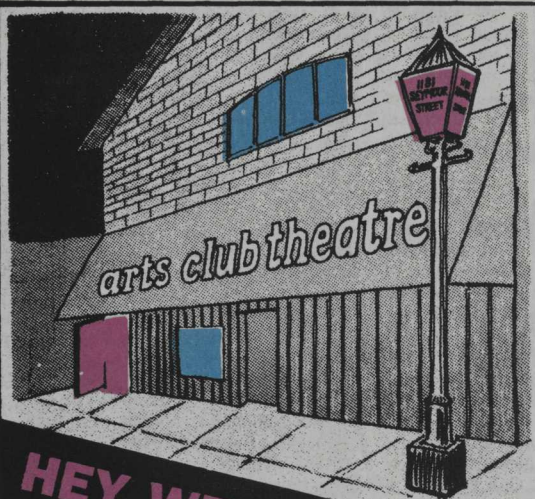
veal About Your Personality

Food & Your Local 7-Eleven: What Do They Have in Common?



Public input—suggestions, tried-and-true recipes, thoughts relevant to Food, Eating, Their All-Pervasive Roles in Society, What You Scarfed for Dinner Last Night—is more than welcome.

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All Ages Welcome**



OK -so you go down to the video store to rent a couple of movies, but you can't find anything that really grabs you. The latest Danny DeVito comedy? Seen it. The sci-fi classics of the 1950's? Seen 'em. The Looney Toons series? Seen it - twice. Great. Now what are you supposed to do with that expensive VCR? Leave the video store, spend your money on a six pack and head home. When you've settled down at the kitchen table, grab a pen and paper and write to Ottawa. There are federal government agencies that exist solely to provide you with hours of FREE entertainment. Hey—you might as well, you pay for this with your tax dollars, chum.

If this suggestion conjures up visions of your friend's seventh birthday party, when his parents rented scratchy 16 millimeter prints from the NFB that showed great moments in Canadian history fashioned entirely out of multi-coloured pipe cleaners and postage stamps, relax. This is interesting stuff. Grown up stuff, if you know what I mean. The National Archives of Canada, specifically the **Moving Image and Sound Archives**, publishes a FREE catalogue every couple of years that lists literally tens of thousands of hours of recorded information that dates back farther than your granddad's baby teeth. I'm not talking about Hinterland Who's-Who and geography lessons, either. If you thought the recent B-movie festival was worth blowing your cash on, you're in for a real treat. The public service and corporate promotional films of thirty years ago, especially American ones, were infinitely more shameless in their efforts to drive their messages home to the viewer. Take *Civil Defense*, for example: with titles like *Target: USA*, *The Day Called "X"*, and *Flash of Darkness*, you know you've got some real sledgehammers coming your way.

In the 1950's technicolor shocker *Escape Route*, we find the cleverly named Mrs. Jones listening to her favourite radio soap. Suddenly, air raid sirens begin to wail and Civil Defense authorities interrupt the broadcast, ordering Mrs. Jones to hightail it out to the relative safety of the suburbs. The film goes on to stress the importance of keeping your NEW car well maintained by your authorized dealer as it may turn out to be your only protection against nuclear fallout; your car radio could be your only lifeline to the authorities. "But what if your car is old and run down?" asks the chisel-faced narrator, "NO protection! NO radio!" The film ends in a question mark as a mushroom cloud blossoms over "YOUR city". Only in the credits does it become clear that the film was produced by the National Automobile Dealers of America as a ten minute commercial chock full of cheap scare tactics.

If a nuclear survival film made by car salesmen isn't your bag, try the 40 minute Motorola/CBS TV Theatre presentation of *Atomic Attack*, the story of a nuclear attack on New York city. This film contains a cameo appearance by Walter Matthau in the role of a municipal health inspector, and deals not only with the spectre of nuclear

holocaust, but McCarthyism as well. Then there's *Communications for Civil Defense*, a ridiculously naive half-hour lecture explaining the role of the mighty telephone after an attack, produced by - you guessed it - Bell Telephone. There's Canada's own *Operation Lifesaver*, which takes place on the dirt roads of tiny Calgary in 1956, and of course we can't forget the perennial favourite *Duck and Cover*, a ten minute educational film designed to firmly instill a healthy cold war psychosis in the minds of elementary school children as they watch Bert the cartoon turtle being victimized by enemy nuclear attack.

OK. Now. How can you get these films for yourself? Four steps, three of which are easy.

- 1) For your FREE catalogue write to:
**The National Archives of Canada,
 Moving Image and Sound Archives
 395 Wellington Avenue
 Ottawa, ON, K1A 0N3**

Hint: You're supposed to hire someone to comb the card catalogues for you, but if you mention your field of interest in your letter, they're likely to do some preliminary research for you. FREE.

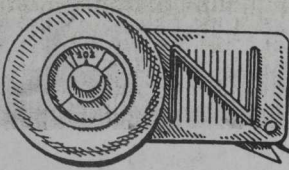
- 2) Select material from the catalogue.
- 3) (And this is the tough one.) Write to the archive to get addresses for the people who hold the copyright to the films you've chosen. The archives won't dub the films for you without the permission of the copyright holders. This can be quite difficult to get around, especially since many of these film companies no longer exist, but if you tell everyone you talk to that you're only interested in research, you'll be surprised how lenient they can be.
- 4) Once you have obtained copyright clearance, buy some videotapes and send them to the archives with a list of catalogue numbers for the films you want. In about eight weeks, you'll receive your videos (sent at the government's expense)!

Naturally, this can get more complicated, especially since you're dealing with a government agency, but what the hell-it's FREE, and these people are employed to perform this exact task-just for you!

Now, when you have friends over to watch the Looney Toons series a third time, you can show these short films beforehand - real classy. And make sure you hang on to them so that when your kids have their seventh birthday party, you won't have to call the NFB...you'll already have tons of shit they won't understand just lying around the basement, ready to roll. And imagine their shining eyes when you tell them the best part...it was all FREE!

Bill Baker





the dial

MONDAYS

SPORTS DIGEST 5:30-6:00PM

Join Lane Dunlop for all the latest in campus sports and sports everywhere else for that matter.

THE AFRICAN SHOW 8:00-9:30PM

The latest in dance music from the African sub-continent plus/minus a few oldie but greats and extras. Your host: Umerah Onukwulu.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:30PM-12:30AM

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Features at 11:00. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. 5th: "Proof Positive" is the title of one of J.J. Johnson's finest recordings. The great trombonist in full flight...powerful! 12th: Recently one of the last of the "big-boned" tenors passed away, A met Cobb. Here he is tonight in front of a great quartet. Texas-tenor by one of the masters. 19th: Keith Jarrett, Gary Peacock, Jack DeJohnette - a magical trio recorded in Europe, Jarrett and company playing "standards" and making them new. 26th: "The Prisoner" album by Herbie Hancock with compositions dedicated to the memory of Martin Luther King.

TUESDAYS

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:30PM

Country music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to. With yer host-poke, Jeff Gray.

IN CONTEXT/TRIBES & SHADOWS 3:30-5:00pm

Simplicity in Design, New Music, new views, new Beliefs, Old gods, Reinforcement and Negation. In words and pictures. Hosted by Kirby Scott Hill. 2nd: Sam Phillips interview. Balkana. 9th: Dance, Kinesis, Kirov, Fortier Danse-Creation. 16th: Architecture, Dance, Music, the Arts. 23rd: Events, new music, new seasons.

WEDNESDAYS

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE 10AM-1PM

New show! About the Pacific Northwest from Oregon to Alaska and all points in between! And at 12 noon: Singalong With Rowena Under Her Papadum Tree!

THE SPANISH SHOW 1:15-3:00

Music from Espanol and community events as well.

THIRTY THREE AND A THIRD 3-5:00PM

Two hours of the Hottest Vancouver Music.

B.C. FOLK 5:30-6:30PM

Listen to the thoughts and music of B.C. folk artists.

THURSDAYS

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3-5:00PM

Jinx & Eric play hardcore, so say bye to Mike 'n Gav.

ARTS CAFE 5:30-6:00PM

In-depth arts analysis and general miscellany of commentary on the local arts scene with a concentration on theatre.

TOP OF THE BOPS 8:00-9:00PM

Fifties rock therapy heard across Canada, more or less.

CANCON JOB 9-10:00PM

The latest info on local bands and strictly Canadian tunes, along with the hottest playlist stuff.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL

10:00pm-midnight

1st: The Method

8th: Pedestrian Sacrifice

15th: The Fab Mavericks

22nd: Silent Gathering

29th: Against the Grain

FRIDAYS

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE 3-5:00PM

Found sounds, tape loops, compositions of organized and unorganized auralty, power electricians and sound collage, and live experimental music. 100% Canadian Industrialism.

TIED DOWN AND MADE TO TALK 5:30-6:30PM

The latest in band interviews, profiles, and tortured confessions from local, national, and international artists

SATURDAYS

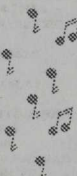
THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00-NOON

Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/roots/rogue folk music radio show.

POWERCHORD 12:15-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show with the underground alternative speed to mainstream metal; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities.

CiTR 101.9 FM

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:30 8:00	THE CITR MORNING SHOW - BBC WORLD SERVICE AT 8:00						
9:00	Breakfast with the Browns'	Linus Lovelace		Bird Droppings		The Saturday Edge	Are you Serious Music?
10:00				Fine Lines			
11:00		Pest Control	Hanford Nuclear Pizza Pic	The Idealist Hour			
12:00	Soup de Jour						
1:00	CITR AFTERNOON REPORT: NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER						
2:00	Total Harmonic Distortion	Blood On The Saddle	Spanish Show			Power Chord	The Rockers Show
3:00					Narduar		
4:00		In Context / Tribes	Spike	Flex Your Head	Absolute Value of Noise	Megablast!	The Blues and Soul Show
5:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER, GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT AND DAILY FEATURE					60 Min Mins	
6:00	Sports Digest	Betty & Veronica	BC Folk	Arts Cafe	Tied Down...	Sat. Magazine	Sun. Magazine
7:00	Hot Pink	Neon Meate Dream	Spinsters	The Vinyl Frontier	Home Taping International	Hootenanny Saturday Night	Just Like Women/ Electronic Smoke Signals
8:00				Top Of The Bops			
9:00	African Show			Can-Con Job	Stomp On That Boppa-Tron	Tunes 'R' Us	Playloud This Is Not A Test
10:00		The New Jennifer Chan Show	Permanent Culture Shock	Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell			
11:00	The Jazz Show						
12:00							
1:00	Environmental Scatology	Aural Tentacles	The Knight After	Eating Vomit	Soup Stock From The Bones of the Elephant Man	Radio Land	In The Grip Of Incoherency
2:00							
3:00							
4:00						3-D Radio	Sin-c-plex Nickelodeon

mixed in with a smattering of their music.

9th: Violent Femmes

16th: Bob's Your Uncle, Picasso Set, Guadalcanal Diary

23rd: Jazz Butcher, Sons of Freedom

30th: TBA

HOME TAPING I.N.T.E.R.N.A.T.I.O.N.A.L. 6-9:00PM

200 proof live mixes, remixes and kilomixes.

STOMP ON THAT BOPPA-TRON 9:00-MIDNIGHT

House hip hop, funk, new beat. The latest & greatest in dance floor grooves.

SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN 12:30-3:30AM

Independent music from around the world ranging from spoken word to the latest in club tunes.

60 MIN MINS 5-6PM

60 minimalist minutes. Music for thin ears.

SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE 6:00PM

The first and finest news programme. Giving you everything and more.

RADIO LAND MIDNIGHT-3:00AM

Hey, this is your show! Send in your tapes c/o this station and I'll play 'em at least once. I'm looking for new stuff, never heard sounds. Don't worry about audio quality, radio is for communication.

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-NOON

Schoenberg, Varèse, Berio, Carter, Maxwell Davies, Busotti, Scelsi, Xenakis, Schafer, Cage, Webem - Artistic Evel Knievels. Nouveau post-modern instrumental compositions in a classical vein.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM

Reggae, Rock Steady, Soca and Ska.

THE BLUES AND SOUL SHOW 3-6:00PM

Blues, Blues, Blues and every second Sunday, the best of Post War Chicago blues and more.

SPINLIST

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|
| DE LA SOUL | 3 FEET HIGH AND RISING |
| N.W.A | STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON |
| FRONT 242 | NEVER STOP 18" |
| TACKHEAD | TICKING TIME BOMB 18" |
| KEITH LEBLANC | EINSTEIN 18" |
| C NECCA NORMAL | CALICO KILLS THE CATS |
| PIKES | DOOLITTLE |
| TOM TOM CLUB | BOOM BOOM CHI BOOM BOOM |
| C 13 ENGINES | BYRAN LAKE BLUES |
| C ARLOS PERRON | IMPERSONATOR II |
| SOUL ASYLUM | CLAM DIP & OTHER DELIGHTS |
| SWINGING ERUDITES | UNCHAINED PARODIES |
| BRIAN RITCHIE | SONIC TEMPLE & COURT OF BABY |
| C DIN VAN DYKES | WASTE MORE VINYL |
| FLAMING LIPS | TELEPATHIC SURGERY |
| C FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY | DIGITAL TENSION DEMENTIA 18" |
| LEGENDARY PINK DOT | THE GOLDEN AGE |
| LOVE AND ROCKETS | MOTORCYCLE 18" |
| VARIOUS ARTISTS | TROTTILES |
| DEAD MILKMEN | BEELEZUBBRA |
| C DESPERATE MINDS | LAST NIGHT I HAD THE... |
| E.L. | BUCK WILD |
| C HEIK AND THE SHAKES | CITIZEN KANE 18" |
| JUNGLE BROTHERS | STRAIGHT OUT OF JUNGLE 18" |
| MACHINE GUN | GENETIC TERRORISTS |
| MARRY KELLEY | GREETINGS FIVE |
| NEVILLE BROTHERS | YELLOW MOON |
| RAVI SHANKAR | INSIDE THE KREMLIN |
| REVOLTING COCKS | STAINLESS STEEL PROVIDERS |
| C VARIOUS ARTISTS | MR. GARAGER'S NEIGHBOURHOOD |
| VARIOUS ARTISTS | LOST ANGELS SOUNDTRACK |
| XYMOX | OBSESSION 18" |
| ANASTASIA SCREAMED | ELECTRIC LIZ |
| BLACK SUN ENSEMBLE | LAMBERT FLAME |
| CASANDORA COMPLEX | 30 MINUTES OF DEATH |
| CINDY LEE BERRYHILL | NAKED MOVIE STAR |
| CLOCKDVA | THE HACKER |
| CONTROLLED BLEEDING | SONGS FROM THE GRINDING WALL |
| HELLCOWS | TOOTHLESS |
| HONEYMOON KILLERS | TAKE IT OFF |
| LEMMINGS | WALK ON AIR |

CANADIAN CASSETTES AND DEMOS

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| LI-150'S BUILD | GREEN EGGS AND HAM |
| HOOPER EFFECT | WHACK ME |
| FFY | YOU + ME |
| TERMINAL CITY | JELOUSIDE |
| DAMAGE C'TEST DAMAGE | SOMEBODY GIRL |
| PICASSO SET | SEASON OF THE WITCH |
| CORSAGE | WHEN I BOUGHT THE CAR |
| SARCASTIC MANNEQUINS | ANOTHER YUPPIE FUCKSONG |
| GROUP 49 | SEARCHING FOR |
| BIG ELECTRIC CAT | |

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 6:30-9:00PM

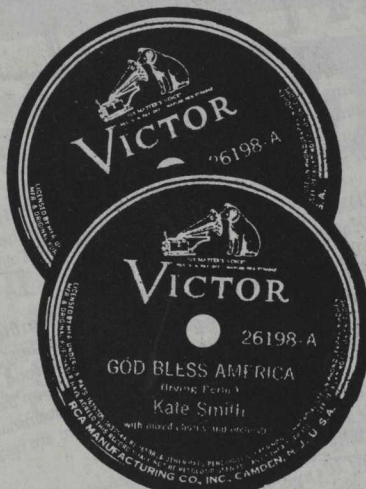
Information, news interviews and political analysis from the global cultures of resistance.

JUST LIKE WOMEN 6:30-9:00PM

'Feminist news and analysis and a broad range of women's music.

COMMUNITY

CiTR provides free airtime for Community Access by community groups and organisations. If your group would like to say something, please phone the CiTR Community Access Director, 228-3017.



STAGE CAMPUS '89

Frederick Wood Theatre

June 7 - 23

Murder on the Nile

by Agatha Christie

June 28 - July 14

Crimes of the Heart

by Beth Henley

July 19 - August 14

1837: The Farmers' Revolt

by Rick Salutin

MONDAYS AND
SATURDAY MATINEES
2 FOR 1

INFO: 228-2678



art and about

It's June. You're bored. Hey...how about it? It's time to participate in a severely under-appreciated form of low-cost, nocturnal recreation. (No, no, not that, you filthy swine; this is the ART column!) We're talking Art Openings, never mind those other kinds of recreation. Here is your personal guide to pleasures yet untold. So strap those heaving loins to the lazy boy and prepare for your first encounter with the world of ART and its various kinds of happenings.

THE PRIVATE (EXPENSIVE) OPENING

Are you poor? Have you been stealing your toilet paper from the Parks Board? Do you have pronounced symptoms of Kraft Dinner Poisoning (rubbery orange lips, ghostly pallor)? Then haul out your best duds and infiltrate one of these suckers. Why? Free food and more importantly, **FREE BOOZE!** Ignore the pretentious people, ignore the art, focus in on the catering. Possible Hazards: Beware the lecherous professor, the boozy matron and the indeterminately-aged professional slime (unless of course you happen to be one of these yourself or you are incredibly desperate).

WOOLCO ART DEPARTMENT

Seeing as there aren't any openings in the honour of the unsung craftsmen who so cunningly weave pictorial magic with their palette knives, why not grab a coffee and a limp, steamy hot dog and show your silent appreciation? It's a good idea to prime yourself beforehand by watching *The Magic of Oil Painting* on Channel 9. Suggested attire: vinyl vest (in Sex Offender Brown), velour 'leisure' polo shirt and violet injection-molded gaucho pants (for an 'arty' look). Don't worry, you'll blend right in. Attend if suffering from extreme ennui or looking to refurbish your Captain Highliner Memorial Lounge.

THE ARTY OPENING OR SOMEWHERE IN A WAREHOUSE

These tend to have a high entertainment factor even if you have to lose out in the wine department. Accept the dixie cuplet of Chateau Port Moodee, relax and enjoy the sights. These may be anything from a strobe-lit, pre-pubescent go-go boy in semi-transparent Stanfields to an overweight, middle-aged woman riding a tricycle in circles on a pile of sand. Beware of flying projectiles, especially during performance art; they may cause you to dump your dixie.

ART SCHOOL OPENING

Featuring obese relatives form the Interior, surplus cheese and crackers (marked "For Use at Expo '86 Only"), and wine from a box. Pretend to be a big art dealer from New York and score heavily with the eager and the ignorant or even an intoxicated educator.

Sheila West

NEW The Waterfront CABARET

686 Powell St.

SAME GRUMPY BARTENDER



SAME CRAZY WAITER



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rad jazz

mon tues wed thurs

STATE OF MIND
WITH DORIAN GRAY
AND OTHERS

BOOGIEMEN
AND PIG-MACHINE

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MUTLY CROW

ASCENT

R.T.O. SOREHEADS
WITH 4 TIMES 8

MELANCHOLY DREAM

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8-10 P.M.

JOHN STORM
WITH COINPAID CALLS

AGAINST THE GRAIN
WITH CRASH

ROY STYFFE TRIO

MAJESTIC EXPERIENCE

IRON GYPSY
WITH OTHERS

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THE COMMODORE

All shows 10 pm, Doors 8:30 pm

- | | |
|--|--|
| June 23
Mahlathini & the Mahotella
Queens (South Africa) | June 29
Sun Ra & the Omniverse Ultra
Jazz 21st Century Arkestra (Saturn) |
| June 24
Flora Purim & Airtó (Brazil) | June 30
Manu Dibango (West Africa) |
| June 25
Tony Williams Quintet (USA) | July 1
Manteca (Canada) |
| June 26
John McLaughlin Trio (USA) | July 2
Little Charlie & The Nightcats |
| June 27
Peter Erskine Band (USA) | Lil' Ed & The Blues Imperials (USA) |

VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE

All shows 8 pm, Doors 7:00 pm

- | | |
|---|---|
| June 23
Jazz Passengers (New York) | June 28
Carla Bley & Steve Swallow (USA) |
| June 24
European Jazz Quartet
(Holland/Britain/Germany) | June 29
Bill Frisell Band (USA) |
| June 25
John Scofield Trio (USA) | June 30
Jay McShann & Big Miller
(USA/Canada) |
| June 27
Pauline Oliveros (USA) | July 1
Helen Merrill & Mike Nock Trio
(USA/New Zealand) |
| Wayne Horvitz (USA) | July 2
Craig Harris & Tailgator Tales (USA) |

VANCOUVER PLAYHOUSE

June 24 • Decidedly Jazz Danceworks on EdJE 8:00 pm

June 26 • George Gruntz Concert Jazz Band 8:00 pm

-19 allstars including Joe Henderson, Mark Murphy, Joe Daley

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